

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



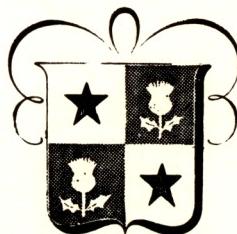
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

Vol. 21

NOVEMBER, 1948

No. 9.

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**"A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club"**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

Red Fury

SPORT has attained in the world today a record high of achievement in the active, playing sense; yet sportsmanship — assumedly the purpose of sport — has set up unprecedented low universally.

This decadence is manifested among onlookers in the higher and the lower social scales as well as among players, professional and amateur. One time, the crowd on "the hill" at S.C.G., and in places analogous to "the hill," was regarded as being the raw element. Now, habitues of more select sections often rival hillites in ribaldry and in outbursts, such as the hooting of Lindwall from the members' stand of an English ground.

At worst, the rowdy sections were embarrassing, but seldom ill-natured—"getta bag" and such raillery. Now, their outbreaks, as on Caulfield Cup day, are often demonstrations of red fury.

Once upon a time the newspapers recorded genteely: "There was a mild demonstration from the cheaper sections of the course as the winner returned to scale." At Caulfield, as at other places, the eruption rose from other sections as well—a protest by the frustrated of fortune.

There have been reproductions of Caulfield's red fury in other fields of Australian sport—too many and too often to be comforting. But not only in Australia—hooting in England of Australia's League footballers, for example, as well as riotous behaviour in foreign countries; not forgetting the protests of Americans when they were disqualified — mistakenly, as it happened—in the Olympic relay race.

Why should these dismal displays be universal? What's wrong with the people of the world?

Maybe some are suffering the reaction of oppression before, during, and since the war. They, too, have been soured by family bereavements. The instinct to hate survives. Perhaps also the trend here and elsewhere has been, and is, to place too much emphasis on victory. There have been and are too many "splendid winners." Victory has been, and is, glorified, while the splendid art of losing gracefully has been, and is, unappreciated.

The way back to sportsmanship is going to be a long, exhausting journey. In vanguard as crusaders must be the men and women who play sport, along with those who have played sport; preferably the amateurs. For, when more people are prevailed upon to play sport, sportsmanship will get a greater look in than it is being accorded in many countries to-day.



Established 14th May, 1858.

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The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

NOVEMBER.

7th J. A. Portus	26th R. R. Coote
14th C. Salon	27th L. Noakes
15th F. D. Foskey	29th W. H. Davies
17th H. L. Carter	30th Barney Fay

21st S. Peters

DECEMBER.

1st E. C. Murray	20th E. W. King
7th F. Z. Eager	25th W. K. Sherman
8th A. C. Gelling	26th Jack Blume
10th A. J. McDowell	27th R. E. Sanderson
F. J. Shephard	28th Dr. A. S. Reading
12th W. Gourley	29th E. J. Hazell
13th Eric Pratt	30th C. S. Brice
17th E. Crowhurst	31st Jack Davis

19th John T. Jennings

MANY admirers of Flight hoped that she would throw a chestnut foal. It happened. Walter McEvilly, student of breeding, said at the time that a chestnut was a certainty since the sire, Dhoti, was a chestnut. Mr. McEvilly's grandfather owned the winner of the first Sydney Cup.

* * *

REG BLUE, returned from a cruise to New Guinea, saw there evidence of painstaking methods by which the Japs had dug themselves in. Large tunnels burrowed into mountains are said still to house tanks. Jap war criminals are working on roads under guards, including fuzzy-wuzzies.

* * *

W. H. MACKAY, squire of Tingaroo stud, Scone, told friends of the first foal by his imported sire, Wayside Inn. The youngster is a filly from a half-sister of Freckles. One and a half hours after its birth the foal walked with its mother more than half a mile, including the crossing of a ravine. Wayside Inn is by Fairway from a Hyperion mare.

* * *

ROYAL SOUVENIR'S sire, Lang Bian—by Massine, winner of the Ascot Gold Cup—was a versatile horse. He won good races on the flat and over the hurdles in France. Lang Bian's granddam, Forest Lassie, was half-sister of Cinna, dam of Beau Pere, Mr. Standfast and Gay Shield.

* * *

TABLE acquired by Tattersall's Club, and on which its recent billiards and snooker tournaments were played, bears this inscription: World's championship played on this table, Sydney, 1938. Walter Lindrum, world's champion, 18,349; Clarke McConachy, N.Z. champion, 14,121 highest break, 1,445, by Lindrum.

* * *

CLUB member says: Mrs. McGovern of Te Awatnitu (N.Z.), and widow of John McGovern—breeder of High Caste—offered him as a gift Fifth Note, a mare by Dominant from Charlotte. Fifth Note was so named after the fifth note on the piano—the dominant note (in the scale of C). I declined the kind offer since when a Sydney sportsman has cabled offering £5,000 for the mare.

* * *

DEATH of Amounis recalled that he might have won Manfred's Derby in 1926 only for explicit riding instructions given Bracken by bookmaker-owner, Billy Pearson and trainer Frank McGrath.

Bracken said: Had I seen Manfred left at the post—and I wasn't in a position to see—I would have ridden Amounis into the lead and, probably, Manfred would not have caught the field, for the first furlong was run slowly."

Incidentally, among those who won parcels subsequently on Amounis, was Madame X.

* * *

SOMETHING the social writers missed: Glamour horse of the Spring meeting — two-year-old colt, Chestian (The Jeep-Fantasia), chestnut with a fair tail, and running in the Breeders' Plate.

* * *

NOT CRICKET: M.C.C. employ 65 men for four hours costing £100 a day to clean up litter and rubbish left at Lord's. "You'd think people

came in just to get rid of their garbage," said a ground official.

* * *

W. J. WALSH, returned from a tour of North Queensland, tells the story: On the farm of an old woman on the Tablelands, outside Cairns, grew a Kauri Pine for which Cairns Plywood Pty. Ltd. paid £750. First section of 12 ft. long, 27½ ins. circumference, produced 6,601 super feet, which paid for the tree. In all, a quantity of 24,380 super feet was recovered, meaning that the buyers had as profit the difference between 6,601 super feet and 24,380 super feet. It was said that Beale's, the piano firm, paid £1,150 for a tree.

* * *

WE regret to announce the passing since last issue of the following esteemed members:

October 1 — A. W. HINWOOD;
October 4—A. G. SIMS; October 10
—T. R. CLEAVER.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

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J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney (Vice-President), C. E. Young, C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

ANOTHER Battle of Britain was fought in the Olympic Games, and the battler's name was Tom Richards, an Englishman, spare and smallish, but with a heart as big as Phar Lap's. The story of his mighty Marathon run—mighty although he finished second—is one of the highlights of Rank's Olympiad technicolor. When others were cracking, England's hope commenced to make his run.

After the finish, the Belgian, who had led most of the way and who filled third place, collapsed and was borne from the arena on a stretcher. The Argentinian, who won, was far too exhausted momentarily even to be kissed by his compatriots—men, not women. Sturdy Tom Richards strode across and offered the victor congratulations. It's a quaint old English custom—that and to hang out against great odds.

* * *

RUN OUT: Comedian Arthur Askey, shown to his hotel bedroom, found it full of Don Bradman's luggage. "Oh, don't disturb Mr. Bradman's things," he pleaded. "I'll go to another room." It was explained that Don was already fixed up with other accommodation. Next day Arthur saw Don, bragged: "I'm the man who got you out."

ENGLAND NEW FASHION CENTRE

No Government could dictate women's fashions, said the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Harold Wilson, at a Press conference in Bradford.

Mr. Wilson said the New Look was a crazy idea to introduce at a time when the world was short of textiles, but it was helping to establish London as the fashion centre of the world and was helping export trade in fashion design.

Asked if the Board of Trade was to request 10,000 clothing factory workers in the Leeds district to transfer to wool textile mills, and if so would the lower mill wages be raised by subsidies, Mr. Wilson said, "Certainly we are asking for the transfer of labour to the mills. On the question of wages you cannot expect me to say anything. It is a matter for both sides of the industry."

A Privileged Photo



This photo is reproduced by courtesy of The United Kingdom Information Office, Prudential Building, Martin Place, Sydney, and shows the statuette of Princess Elizabeth riding "Tommy." It shows her as she appeared at the King's Birthday Parade in May, last year, and has been made at the wish of the Queen. Designed by Doris Lindner, of Hampstead, London, it has been made by the Royal Worcester Porcelain Co. for export only. The statuettes will be sold for about £100 each to selected clients, and are expected to become a collector's item. Only 100 will be sold.

PICKLES "HAS A GO"

Willie Pickles, one of England's brightest characters, recently told "Sunday Despatch" (Eng.) readers about his penchant for "Having a go" at anything.

FUNNIEST thing about myself I think is that the determination to "Have a Go" has brought me everything I have to-day.

So when you hear me say "Ow do, 'ow are yer?" as my radio programme comes on the air you are getting the secret of my success.

It was all arranged that I should go into the building trade—the family business in Halifax, Yorkshire. I had a go; didn't like it much, but stuck at it for a bit.

Then in Liverpool I met a girl named Mabel Myerscough. She was in an amateur dramatic show. I didn't ask her: "Are yer courtin'?" I just made her mind up for her. We were married in 1930, in our early twenties and started with nowt.

We were both interested in amateur dramatics, and I took the juvenile lead in one or two shows.

But this is what started me on a stage and radio career. In one show I took over a comedy part of a milkman at a moment's notice—not a line did I know.

I gagged through it and, so my wife says, stole the show.

"Have a go at acting," she urged me. So I wrote to the B.B.C. They gave me an audition, and I put over some character studies in dialect. My first part was as Sir Frederick Somebody-or-other. I had three rehearsals, spoke five lines, and got paid £3/3/-.

Parts came in pretty well after that, so I decided to pack up the family "bricks and mortar" business.

We moved to Manchester and after I paid the furniture men I had a bob left. The three of us—I had a son then, but he died aged seven from infantile paralysis—sat on the bare floor of our new home and ate sandwiches.

It was great fun. As we ate, two letters dropped through the letterbox. They were contracts from the B.B.C. to begin next day!

Relief Announcer

Up to 1939 I freelanced for them and then they offered me a job as relief announcer at £480 a year. So I had a go at that. Later they asked me to be a news reader in London. Again I had a go.

But I always wanted a bit of life. I put it to John Sharman to give me a break in "Music Hall." "It won't cost you anything," I told John. "I'm a member of the staff!" I put over a North Country comic act and the papers headlined "Pickles as a comedian!"

The late George Black came along and offered me a salary which sounded like the National Debt — £250 a week—to appear in variety at Blackpool. What do you think? Yes, I had a go!

We broke all records at Blackpool with an 18-week run. Since then I've been supporting the wife and the Government, all on one salary.

Then I had a go at "The Cure for Love" when Robert Donat dropped out of the cast. While on tour with this show the first "Have a Go" programme was created for the B.B.C. It started in a humble way. I'd been doing radio quizzes for the Fire Guard, Home Guard, and A.R.P. It was all spontaneous and I put in the little wisecracks. It was a riot. Listening figures for the quizzes were as high as for Winston Churchill's speeches.

When the B.B.C. wanted to put me on the air again in a feature I told them what I wanted to do. They liked the idea, but "What shall we call it?" they asked. It came to me like a bolt out of the blue. "Have a Go, Joe." That's the title," I said. We've since dropped poor old "Joe."

We made an experimental recording, and it was NOT put on the air. The faults were found and put right and then we had our first broadcast from a school in Bingley, Yorkshire.

To-day we are making our 94th recording at Reeth in the Yorkshire Dales. The hundredth show will be

broadcast during the first week in June.

Listening figures make us "tops" of B.B.C. broadcasts and in the United States we are No. 1 British programme. Every other listener in Britain tunes in to "Have a Go."

The secret behind it is that we have found how much the British like to laugh at themselves. It's all good-humoured leg-pulling and everybody loves it.

By the way, a lot of you folk seem to think Miss Violet Carson, the pianist in "Have a Go," is my wife. She's a very old friend of both of us. So now you know.

I expect some of you also are puzzled how I can visit so many places and appear six nights a week in the Bradford pantomime. Wherever I can, I make recordings — it means working most Sundays — and they go out on the air after they have been vetted.

Awkward Moments

Have to be careful about that. One bright old lad answered my first question in fine style, but faced with a second he said: "I'm — now."

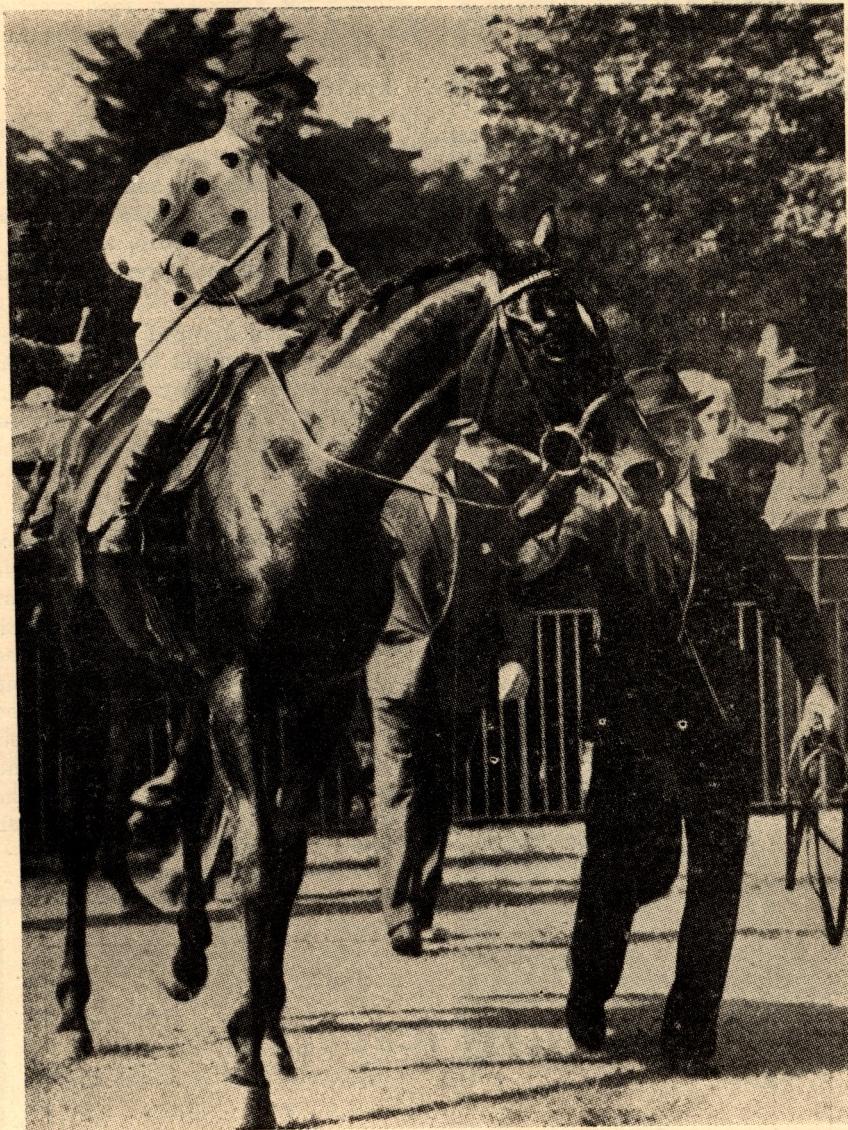
Awkward moments like these are cut out of the broadcasts, but the show itself is all impromptu. There are no scripts and no rehearsals. I enjoy it all as much as anybody.

Fan mail comes from all over the world, and I employ three secretaries to deal with it.

BRITAIN'S most highly-paid sportsman is probably Gordon Richards. Although his precise earnings are best known to himself and to his income-tax assessor, they are accepted as being substantially over the £15,000 a year mark.

First-class boxers come next and there are several who average £10,000 a year, although they have to pay out substantially for training expenses. The leading professional golfers do equally well, but footballers are not in the picture. Denis Compton probably heads the list, because he is a cricketer, too, but even he is unlikely to go much beyond the £2,000 mark.

—"The Weekly Telegraph."



Black Tarquin, winner of the English St. Leger, the richest race ever contested in Great Britain. Winner's share £15,268. Australian jockey Edgar Britt looks pleased with the result.

AMERICAN STAYER IN ENGLISH ST. LEGER WIN

American owned and bred stayer, Black Tarquin, had an easy task in the English St. Leger. It was really a three countries' affair as the colt was ridden by former Sydney jockey Edgar Britt who described the ride as one of the most comfortable in his long association as a jockey.

BRITT also won the classic twelve month's earlier on Sayajirao so from two rides in the St. Leger he has won twice. Black Tarquin—all carry 9 st. in the English classic—is trained by the King's mentor, C. Boyd—Rochfort. A record attendance, half a million, saw the race won while winner's share of the

stake, £15,268, is highest ever allotted in England.

William Woodward, of New York, chairman of American Jockey Club, and owner of Black Tarquin, first sent yearlings from America to England more than 20 years ago with sole object of contesting the best races in Great Britain. He thought

Black Tarquin, a fine performer, would be better suited in England than in U.S.A.

A big horse, beautifully made and bred in the purple, he is by Rhodes Scholar from Vagrancy, best mare of her time. Black Tarquin was her first foal. In the race the colt came from second last to take the lead a furlong from home and the rest was easy. He ran on to win by a length and a half from Alycidon who had tried to lead most of the way with Solar Slipper five lengths away third. Time for the mile and three quarters and 132 yards was 3 mins. 8-3/5ths secs.

For benefit of club members interested in the breeding angle. Rhodes Scholar, sire of Black Tarquin, won the St. James Palace Stakes (a race won by Black Tarquin) and the Eclipse Stakes, and is by Pharos, a leading sire in England and France and sire of unbeaten Nearco and unbeaten Pharis and other Classic winners in England, France and Italy.

Book Law, dam of Rhodes Scholar, won £31,875 including the St. Leger, Coronation Stakes and Jockey Club Stakes. Book Law was by Buchan out of Popingaol, a sister to former Australian sire Magpie.

In Tail-Female

Vagrancy is by French-bred Sir Galahad III, by Teddy out of Plucky Liege, her dam being Valkyr, by Man o' War out of Princess Palatine (by Palatine), who goes back in tail-female to the same American-bred Hamburg mare Frizette which figures at the back of Tourbillon's pedigree. Tourbillon has been the leading French sire in four of the last seven seasons and sire of Djebel, Goya and Adaris.

Frizette was out of the St. Simon mare Ondulee, tracing back five generations to the great mare Mendicant through the even more successful Shotover, Ondulee's grandam, who was one of the few mares to win the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby.

Frizette had 14 foals, including Frizeur, dam of Black Curl, a top-class filly in U.S.A. who, in turn bred Black Wave, dam of Kentucky Derby winner Jet Plane.

Another of her produce was Frizelle, whose daughter Orlanda was dam of Cillas, a winner of the French Derby.

In the Not So Glamorous Melbourne Cup Days

Another Melbourne Cup has gone by the board and spring turf excitement is fast subsiding. Early days of the now famous two-miler were just as interesting to the folk of that period as latest Cup was to to-day's enthusiasts.

WHILE in Melbourne for this year's Cup writer was fortunate to secure a copy of newspaper details of the first Cup run in 1861 and won by Sydney's Archer (9.7), who also landed the second Cup with 10.2. What a grand racehorse he must have been.

The day was when Pitt St., City, was so densely crowded as Cup starting time neared that traffic was blocked round the sporting rendezvous and the uninterested public had a job to get past those waiting to hear "what won the Cup?" That was pre-wireless or any other wireless era. Now those who cannot attend Flemington just turn the wireless dial, or listen to the shop or office broadcast.

Long since have the betting shops disappeared—they were well known to some Club members while rigid

enforcement of the traffic act soon cleared crowds from Pitt St. area.

Well, to get on with the subject—the first Melbourne Cup. It was run November 7, 1861, and the crowd was given as 4,000 (it now exceeds 100,000). Archer's first two miler was brimful of excitement. Three runners, Medora, Twilight and Despatch—were killed, respective jockeys being seriously injured. The stake was worth £610, all of which went to owner of the winner, E. de Mestre. Archer, a five-year-old stallion, was ridden by J. Cutts, and started at 5 to 1. Mormon was favourite at 3's with Despatch at 7 to 2 then Archer and Tory Boy at 5's.

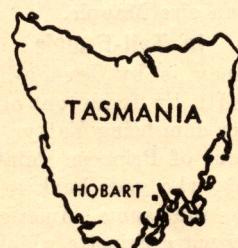
This will interest present day turfmen. There was a false start and the field was recalled after the line had been broken up. However, the

horses got away to a good start at second attempt. Early in the race the three horses named were fatally injured.

Mormon did most of the early pacemaking but Archer was not long in reaching the lead and newspapers of the day record that he was in front most of the trip, and with a couple of others spreadeagled the field.

Archer had dropped back to third entering the straight but soon afterwards he shot away with the Cup well won. The verdict was "several lengths" with Mormon second and Prince third. Time 3 min. 52 secs.

Following year when Archer won by 10 lengths owner E. de Mestre collected £810 while the runner-up's share was a miserly £20. There was no third money. It was not until 1868 that stakemoney was allotted both to second and third horses. Cup stake increased as the years rolled by until it is now a £12,500 event with £300 trophy. Owner of second horse receives £2,500 and of the third, £1,250. It may yet reach £20,000 and why not?



TATTERSALL'S 1948 Melbourne Cup Consultation

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TAIL OF A MOUSE TELLS A TALE

This is a tale of a mouse's tail, otherwise America's latest way of telling whether a racehorse has been given a stimulant to make it go faster than opponents, or that would be intention of connections. It is claimed to be an infallible test.

THE story is of particular interest to Australians because on most major racecourses swabs are regularly ordered by stewards. The tests are routine procedure and are taken mostly at random, officials deciding early in the day which horses will be swabbed. Unusual behaviour by a horse not officially listed is also likely to cause action to be taken by Stewards.

Many racetrack executives in America have discarded swab tests in favour of the latest scheme, the mouse tests. At Randwick and other courses tests are not necessarily swabs.

Latest information on U.S.A. methods will interest keen racing enthusiasts.

The scheme was outlined by a well-known writer, Franklin E. Brill, in an article in the "Saturday Evening Post," in which he described outstanding work in this field of veterinary science by Dr. James C. Munch, pharmacologist at Temple University and adviser to the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics.

Brill's story in the "Post" was: "The Maryland Racing Commission has happily concluded that science has finally done something about the practice of administering drugs to racehorses.

"For centuries it has gone on—in the 1500's it was anise and sandarac. To-day it could be nitro-glycerine, strychnine, cocaine, benzedrine, opium, ephedrine, caffeine, heroin, digitalis, or that well-known 'whip-ripper,' alcohol.

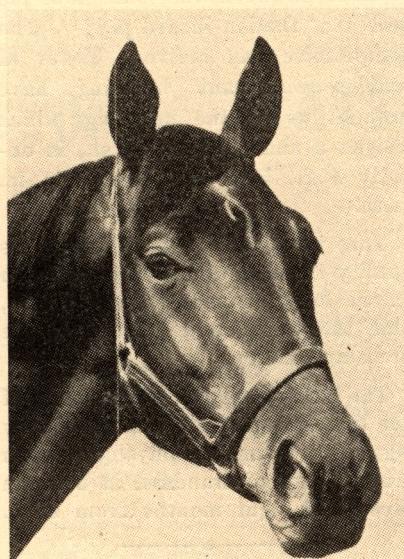
"The only method that could be devised to detect winning horses whose speed was too good to be true, was chemical analysis, the result of which was not available until a couple of days after the race.

"Then a college professor who never went to race tracks came up with a neat solution.

"Dr. James Munch, assigned to figure out a cheap, quick, infallible

method—pre-race rather than post-race—recalled an old German method of detecting opium in a substance by injecting it under the skin of a mouse. If opiates were present the mouse's tail promptly stood up stiffly in an S curve; if not, it didn't. Would saliva from drugged horses act in the same way?

"Working as consultant to the Maryland Racing Commission, Dr.



Intelligence plus! Citation, ruling American champion who recently won the £31,250 International Gold Cup, 1 mile 5 furlongs (w.f.a.) bringing his stake earnings to (A) £256,470. He is now second to Stymie (world's highest) £284,948.

Munch conducted tests at the tracks, and the mice responded nobly. He found them 100 per cent. accurate in scores of controlled tests. After that he discovered symptoms other than the S-curved tail. Benzedrine and ephedrine made the mice jittery; strychnine started them panting, and caffeine raised their hair on end.

"The balance of the project was easy. Now a laboratory on wheels rolls from track to track; a half-hour before every race each entry is tested. If a Munich mouse gets the jitters, its corresponding horse is scratched. Nothing more is done; that is enough."

The method seems simple and is accepted as foolproof in leading racing States of America.

NEW Steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Irwin, is son of Lord Halifax, war-time Ambassador to the United States.

Racing is not in the family tradition, but Lord Irwin married a granddaughter of the late Lord Derby and niece of Lord Rosebery.

Of the three Turf rulers, each serving for three years, one retires annually. Lord Irwin succeeds Lord Rosebery, whose place as senior steward is taken by the Duke of Norfolk, husband of Lord Rosebery's stepdaughter, Lord Allendale is the other steward.



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Pork With A New Look

Longer, leaner and lighter, according to a writer in London "Daily Mail."

THE PRIZE PIG, majestic star of a hundred thousand agricultural shows is a changed animal. No longer do breeders dream of these pink-and-black marvels which lurched like omnibuses through English farmyards before the war, tipping the scales at nearly 45 st. (One shown at Birmingham in 1930 weighed over 70.)

Their heyday, luminous as it was, has passed. The emphasis has shifted and the utility pig has arrived with personal splendour giving way to hard mathematics in deciding what is or is not a practical pig. The "new look" pig is a nippy creature. Light, lithe, lean lines—a body like a torpedo on stilts—have replaced the overwhelming portliness of the earlier ideal. This is largely because a Herefordshire farmer, who hates the limelight but who knows as much about pigs as any man in Britain, has been breeding with an eye on the times.

Realising early in the war that more than ever before there was an intense need for a hardy pig which matured early and which produced the best bacon on the lightest diet, he set to thinking how it could be done.

Most important, he reflected, was to concentrate on lean meat, and plenty of it—firm, compact hams with the flesh too tight to lose substance during cooking. He was sure that wasteful fat, sponging on and softening the lean underneath, could be cut down without making the pig any the less robust.

Leaning over his sty and dreaming of beautiful, snake-figured pigs, the

scientist-economist-farmer thought of the experimental breeding then going on in Denmark, always a dab at emergency farming problems. The newest hybrids on the Jutland farms looked like caricatures of the pigs in his mind's eye.

The Danish pigs, shaped like Walt Disney's dachshunds, had lurched and yawed when they tried to walk on their rickety legs.

Danish Lizard.

But surely there could be a compromise between the old globe-pig and the Danish lizard-pig? The compromise has arrived. Years of patient observant breeding have brought us to the new pig, which weighs a shade under 16 st., is exactly 4 ft. long; and has a 41 in. girth.

The top-grade bacon keeps its quality throughout the whole stretch of the long, straight back and side, and the hams and shoulders are thick and heavy.

The disciplined fat gives plenty of fine lard. Best of all, this exemplary pig has a bouncing physique which brings it up to standard in between seven and eight months from birth.

TWO buzzards were lazily soaring over the desert when a jet-propelled plane zipped by them, its exhaust throwing flame and smoke. As it whizzed out of sight, one of the buzzards remarked: "That bird was certainly in a hurry."

"You'd be in a hurry, too," said the other, "if your tail was on fire!"

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ENGLISH IDEA OF NEW LOOK

HATLESS and defiant among 300-odd "New Look" ladies whose botanical headpieces formed herbaceous borders between the tables at the Dorchester was novelist and actress, Naomi Jacob.

She brought matters down to earth at Foyle's "New Look" luncheon by saying firmly that the whole thing was a matter of coupons. She doubted whether the frills and furbelows could be adopted by law abiding citizens.

Argued Beverley Nichols: "Women's figures have deteriorated into 'complete cubes,' and it is now a question of 'Be good, sweet maid, and if you can't—be shabby'."

Military expert Captain Liddell Hart gave the "Look" an unusual form of endorsement: "Straight lines in women's dress have always spelt stormy weather."

But it was Miss Jacob who was likely to be right. How many "New Look" women at the Dorchester or elsewhere had got their clothes with their own coupons?

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

Annual Race Meeting

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

First Day:

TUESDAY, 28th DECEMBER, 1948.

THE CARRINGTON STAKES

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Wednesday, 22nd DECEMBER, 1948, with £1,750 added. Second horse £350 and third horse £175 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1948, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10 lbs. as the Handicapper may impose and declare; such declaration to be made not later than 8 p.m. on Monday, 27th DECEMBER, 1948. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

SIX FURLONGS.

Second Day:

SATURDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1949.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on WEDNESDAY, 29th DECEMBER, 1948, with £2,000 added, and a Gold Cup valued at £100. Second horse £400, and third horse £200 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1948, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10 lbs., as the Handicapper may impose and declare; such declaration to be made not later than 8 p.m. on Tuesday, 28th DECEMBER, 1948. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

ONE MILE AND A HALF.

ENTRIES are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only, before 3 p.m. on

MONDAY, 29th NOVEMBER, 1948.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on MONDAY, 13th DECEMBER, 1948.

ACCEPTANCES are due with the Secretary, Tattersall's Club, Sydney, ONLY, The Carrington Stakes, before 12 noon on WEDNESDAY, 22nd DECEMBER, 1948, Tattersall's Club Cup before 12 noon on WEDNESDAY, 29th DECEMBER, 1948.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would run in such a race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting; and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

M. D. J. DAWSON, Secretary.

ENTRIES FOR MINOR RACES CLOSE AT 3 P.M. ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1948

Greatest Olympian of All

With the Olympic Games in recent headlines, inevitable arguments arise regarding the greatest athletes of all times.

IT WOULD NOT be difficult, however, to name the athlete who most convincingly embodied the true spirit of the Festival, which was revived in 1896. He won his event with what would scarcely be an early training trial for those who run it to-day.

He was a Greek, which was appropriate. His name was Spiros Loues. A simple, almost illiterate shepherd, he was strangely moved not only by the news that the ancient Games were to be revived, but that among the events would be the 26-miles marathon. Always his hero had been Pheidippides, the athlete-soldier of 490 B.C., who ran for two days and two nights to seek assistance against the Persians, fought in the decisive battle of Marathon and then ran the 26 miles to Athens with the news, to die as he shouted it. Loues decided that he would bring

honour to Greece by emulating Pheidippides.

He went to Athens and entered for the race. Spiros went back to his mountain hut and waited for the day. As time went by, the task ahead assumed an almost religious significance for him.

On the day of the race (after a 24-hour fast), the little shepherd got a smile or two. His athletic garb was a pair of cut-down long trousers, and a sheepskin vest. But he didn't care. He was conscious only of the road ahead.

Off they went, and Australian Ernie Flack, winner of both 800 metres and 1,500 metres, took the lead with half the race over. All this time Spiros was well back using his peculiar low, loping stride. In the stadium, the crowd was headed by the King of Greece and his two six-feet-five sons. With only six kilometres to go Flack was still in front. Then to the King's delight came the tidings that Loues had just taken the lead. Soon the dusty little figure appeared through the stadium gate.

Greece Went Mad

The two huge princes trotted on either side of him to the post. Greece went mad. People threw jewels at his feet. A restaurant proprietor wrote him an order for free meals—for life. A bootblack offered to clean his shoes free—for life.

But that night, with all Athens rejoicing, Spiros Loues was back home in the hills. He had run and he had won. He ate his frugal meal, had a few hours sleep, and went out to relieve his brother, Dimitrious, as guardian of the flocks.

Spiros appeared at the Berlin Games in 1936 hale and hearty at the age of 72. Ironically enough he presented Hitler with an olive branch and some olives from the sacred Olympic Grove.

Perhaps a few years later when the Panzers came down through Greece their tanks rumbled by the grave of the greatest Olympian of them all.

—“Insurance News and Views.”

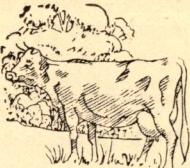
HANDBALL NOTES

C LARRIE WOODFIELD, previously a finalist in a handicap event, proved his worth in the contest concluded since last by leading the field home. Results from the 3rd Round on were: C. Woodfield d. B. Partridge 31-24; A. McCamley d. C. Phillips 31-28; H. Davis d. L. Silk 31-28. SEMI-FINAL: C. Woodfield d. A. McCamley 31-19; B. Hodson d. H. Davis 31-18. FINAL: C. Woodfield d. B. Hodson 31-19.

Harry Davis, in reaching the final was the surprise packet of the tournament. He is improving every day and bodes ill for opponents when the title events start.

The draw for the “A,” “B” and “C” grade championships will be on the Notice Board almost immediately and, if reports be true, a record number of entrants will sign on the dotted line to vie for the honour.

◆◆◆
“HE’S an awful ladies’ man.” “I know! I’ve seen some of his awful ladies!”



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Swimming Pool Splashes

THIS month will mark the start of another season for Tattersall's Club Amateur Swimming Club and on Tuesday, 9th November, a week after the Melbourne Cup, the swimmers will start dashing madly up and down the Pool.

The first race will be a pipe opener over 40 yards but this season there will be some 60 yards races on the card as a lot of the boys feel that their form warrants an extra lap.

Maybe we'll see them demanding 100 yards events yet. It is worthy of note that right up to the war years races were held up to the hundred regularly and even as far as the furlong.

For the past month training has been indulged in very solidly and some of the regular performers are going to be very close to top form in their first gallops.

New members will be welcomed and all they have to do is to swim a time trial and then put their names on the list of starters with Sammy Block or a Tuesday at 1 p.m. and Handicapper Jack Gunton will do the rest.

It really doesn't matter how slow you are you'll have just as much chance as the champions, more in fact, for the limit marker can improve a lot whereas the champs. get into Olympic class if they pull a second or so off their times.

Mention of the Olympics reminds that those swimmers who gave exhibitions in the Pool before departing for the Olympic Games did rather well in London.

Nancy Lyons, who changed from Butterfly to orthodox Breast Stroke before the Games commenced, swam many seconds better than she had ever done before, to be narrowly beaten by World's record holder Van Vliet in the 200 metres Breast Stroke. Nancy beat the previous Olympic record by 4.7 seconds.

Judy Joy Davies swam third in the 100 metres Back Stroke and was only a tenth of a second outside the previous Olympic best.

Young Marjorie McQuade and Denise Spencer both swam into the semi-finals of their respective races over 100 and 400 metres so it can

be said that all the verbal pats on the back accorded the lasses on that memorable day in the Pool were thoroughly justified.

The boys did not do quite as well but they did pretty well, too, with Bruce Bourke swimming into a semi-final of the 100 metres in 59.1 seconds and also of the 100 metres Back Stroke and John Davies clipping his best time to swim fourth in the 200 metres Breast Stroke in which his official clocking was faster than that of the third man. He was only 1.2 seconds outside the previous Olympic record.

Star of the men was, of course, John Marshal who, owing to a misunderstanding did not appear in our Pool show. John set the seal on his fame by swimming third in the 400 metres and second in the 1,500 metres.

So, despite the croaking of some of the critics, the Australian Swimming Team did a remarkably good job as did the whole Olympic Team.

It is not known at present whether the new season will be highlighted by the appearance of any overseas swimming stars but there is a big possibility that Alex Jany, the French World's record holder over many distances, will swim here. Jany did not swim as well as expected at the Olympics but since then he has put up excellent times. It is said of him that he is very temperamental and that fact largely accounted for his failures in London.

In addition, the N.S.W. swimming world is angling for a trip by Capilla of Mexico who dived into second place in the Olympic Highboard contest and fourth in the Springboard. Such a classy performer would be of inestimable help to diving in these parts.

N.S.W. championships are set down for February 5, 9 and 12 and the Australian championships will be held from February 19 to 26.



Now, The Men

By no means the best-dressed gathering in London lunched half a mile away to talk about fashions in men's wear.

Head of the table was Douglas Reed, son of the founder of Austin Reed, Ltd., now vice-chairman of the 48-year-old firm. His S.B. Saxony glen check, with cream shirt and R.A.F. tie struck a spring-like note. Rather more noticeable was the D.B. waistcoatless West of England flannel ("latest semi-drape, fob-pocket and all," an expert whispered) worn by J. Taylor, editor of the "Tailor and Cutter."

Women guests contended Americans were better dressed than Englishmen. Retorted men, "Americans' jackets are shoulders all the way down." Counter women, "British suits are hips all the way up."

Conceded some, if British men "look pretty ghastly in their shirt-sleeves" then "most Americans look better with their jackets off."

WHERE U.S.A. MONEY GOES

THE Department of Commerce has compiled an engrossing set of figures to show how the American public spends its money. The tabulation lists: 400 million dollars a year for restaurant tips; 400 million dollars for taxi fares and tips; one billion dollars for newspapers, books, and other reading matter; nearly 600 million dollars for flowers; 40 million dollars for household pets and veterinary services. The total personal consumption expenditures in 1946 came to 143.7 billion dollars, more than double the 1939 aggregate.

—“New York Times.”

MANY of his friends were shocked to find that Benny Lynch, who is estimated to have earned at least £30,000 from his fights, had left only a nominal £55.

George Dingley, who promoted most of his fights, said: "It is an absolute mystery where Benny's money went. He earned big money —£4,600 when he boxed Kane and £2,500 when he fought Montana. It all seems to have disappeared. It is impossible to say what happened."

Lynch was only 33 when he died.

SPRING AND OLD CIDER

"My dear fellow," said the Duke of Newcastle, pointing to oak trees on his estate,
"I would willingly spare a few of these sticks to possess limbs like yours."

"**M**Y Lord, here is a young fellow come among us, a pal of Tom Cribb's, who will be a teaser among the big 'uns at some day not far off," said Bill Richmond to a sporting peer at the Fives Court, the well-known London rendezvous of the Corinthians. "There is nothing to stop him reaching the top of the tree."

Richmond was speaking about Tom Spring and his words came true in 1822 when the "young fellow" took over the title of Champion of England from Cribb.

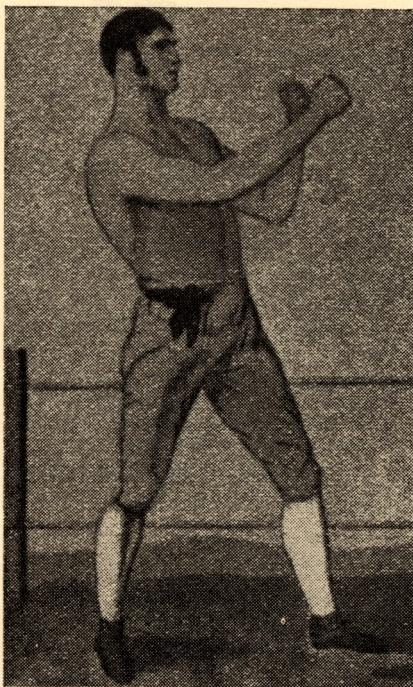
I have often wondered why the title, "gentleman" was never bestowed upon Tom Spring as it was on John Jackson, Richard Humphries and other fighters. Perhaps because the term then carried with it a suggestion of aloofness on the side of the fighter so described, and Spring inspired affection rather than respect. What dignity he did possess was acquired quite unconsciously by the honest, child-like simplicity of his ways. His real name was Winter and we suspect that the change to Spring was prompted by the playful originality of his simple mind.

Started With Disadvantages

Tom was never a hard hitter, nor for his size, a really powerful man. In his best days he weighed 13 stone 4 pounds, and stood five feet eleven-and-a-half inches. He started out with a number of physical disadvantages which he overcame by a complete mastery of science. His hands, for example, were sensitive and would swell enormously after very little punching, so that even when he had the advantage of an opponent he had doggedly to pursue that advantage for a long time until he wore him down, as he invariably did. He only lost one fight in the Prize Ring, his second with Ned Painter, and many believed that the verdict would have been reversed if they had met a third time.

Spring was animated by sheer love of pugilism since he left a prosperous family business to pursue the chimerical prospects offered him

by the Prize Ring. His family at Townhope, near Hereford, was substantially wealthy farmers and butchers. After a brief spell on a coal barge he settled down to work in his father's slaughterhouse and on the farm, but when he went into Hereford on market day he invariably rounded off the day by knocking some yokel or other around in one of those impromptu "turn-ups" we hear so much about in the story of prize-fighting. On one such occasion he was "dis-



Tom Spring, the "young fellow" who took over the title of Champion of England.

covered" by Cribb who introduced him to the London Ring and coached him in the sweet science.

His first important battles were against Ned Painter. He beat him at Mickleham Downs on April 1, 1818, and was greatly praised for skill, coolness and clever employment of the left arm. He was not so fortunate when he met Painter again on a piece of ground known as Russia Farm, near Kingston, a few months later. In the first round he got a severe right-handed blow over one eye which, in genial Corinthian langu-

age, "not only produced the claret copiously, but floored him like a shot." The constant flow of blood half-blinded him and cramped his style. He tottered on without a hope of winning for another ten rounds when he received a heavy blow on one ear and "fell deaf to the call of time."

This was the only fight he lost.

For some time there was a noticeable prejudice against Spring amongst some of the Corinthians because he was not a hard hitter. "Too fancy," they said. He won them over on February 20, 1821, when he fought Tom Oliver near Hayes, Middlesex. Although he was acknowledged to be a first-class man, Oliver could do nothing with Spring, found himself balked at every turn and had to take a great deal of punishment. In the opinion of many witnesses the fight would have ended sooner if only Spring had been able to hit hard. His inability to do so meant that he had to win "three times before it was over."

First Real Battle

When Cribb retired in May, 1822, Spring announced his intention of holding the position of his "old dad" as Champion until he was beaten out of it. Thus his fight with Bill Neat on Hinkley Downs, near Andover, on May 20, 1823, was looked upon as the first real battle for the Championship since the famous Cribb-Molineux encounter twelve years before.

Bill Neat had only appeared in the Prize Ring twice previously but on both occasions he had triumphed over good fighters. The memory of his recent fight with Tom Hickman, the Gaslight Man, immortalised in Hazlitt's notable essay, had given him a great deal of standing. Moreover, he was reputedly a hard hitter—a fact which made his backers feel very confident, but in spite of a lot of talk before the fight, he never succeeded in landing a single effective blow when it took place. After the fifth round it became quite clear that he stood no chance of winning.

Three rounds later he gave in thus ceding the claims to the Championship to Tom Spring.

Spring's last important fights were with Jack Langan, the Champion of Ireland. Their first contest took place at Worcester Racecourse on January 7, 1824, and a very confused business it proved, for, as one newspaper writer said, "in consequence of the breaking in of the ring, and the struggles and repeated falls of the men, it is impossible for any reporter to be strictly accurate as to the precise number of rounds fought." The number is usually given as seventy-five. We do know that from the forty-fourth onwards Spring had it all his own way and it is likely that if the fight had been properly supervised he would have beaten his man in less time. As it was the battle dragged on for two hours. The spectators who crowded into the ring area got in the way of Spring who always needed space to manoeuvre around to display his "science" to full advantage.

"Those Hands Again"

Langan did not think that the best man had won and, after a right-royal battle of words in the columns of the sporting newspapers, a second fight was arranged to take place at Mann Wood, three miles out of Chichester, on June 8, 1824. This also proved a long drawn-out affair and annoyed the reporter from "Bell's Life in London," who impartially "knocked" both fighters. Langan was "game"—yes, "but game alone will not do. He must give as well as receive." As for Spring, "he is a good general, but a bad executioner." Those hands again!

When the verdict was given, Langan was stretched out unconscious. A moment later he inquired in a faint voice, "Is the battle over?" When told that it was, he murmured, "Oh, dear." Then Spring was at his side, shaking his hand and saying in his simple-hearted way. "Jack, you and I must be friends till the end of our lives. Anything that is within my power I will do to serve you."

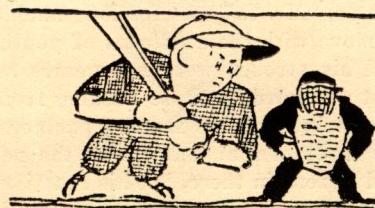
This was Tom's last fight. He followed established custom by becoming a landlord. After a spell of retirement at his "winter quarters" in Hereford, he succeeded Tom Belcher, another fine old champion, as land-

Sports Factualities

JEM ROBINSON, winner of the English Derby on six occasions, backed himself to win The Derby, The Oaks and a bride—all in the same week. He made the wager in 1823 and collected by winning the Derby on Cedric; The Oaks on Cob Web and marrying his sweetheart.

* * *

IN famous Victor Trumper's never-to-be forgotten 1902 English season, one of his bats with which he made a century was split into six blades and hinged to form a wooden book. It now carries 400 signatures of internationals.



LOU BRISSIE, a baseball pitcher in U.S.A., won 23 games for his team in 1947 after undergoing 23 separate operations for removal of German shell splinters.

* * *

DURING October English champion jockey Gordon Richards rode his 200th winner for the current season from 700 mounts. It marked the eighth time Richards had topped the 200 mark in one season. In the present run for supremacy Australian Edgar Britt is second on the list with 137 wins.

* * *

ENGLISH Derby winners, Minoru (1909) and Aboyeur (1913) were walked from the Imperial Stud at Kharkov to the Black Sea when revolution was sweeping Russia in 1919. Joseph Clements, an English jockey, led them over wild country for 70 days, then shipped them to Turkey. What happened to them after that is unknown.

lord of the Castle Tavern, Holborn. He remained there until his death in 1851, and an interesting description of him as the genial host is to be found in George Borrow's grand novel, "Lavengro."

—Aubrey Noakes in "Everybody's" (Eng.)

WILLIAM CLARKE, who opened the Trent Bridge Cricket Ground (Eng.), was not selected for the Players (v. Gentlemen) until he had been in the game for 30 years.

* * *

THE Public Health Committee of the Norwegian Parliament recently suggested a sports subsidy of 966,800 kroner (about £50,000) which was granted without debate. Of this sum 165,000 kr. has been set aside as a contribution to the cost of the Olympic expedition. 100,000 kr. (about £5,000) went to the development of school sport, and the same sum to the intensification of medical examinations. Instruction camps were subsidised with 60,000 kr. and the national Sports Federation, in which all Norwegian sports associations are represented, received 415,000 kr.

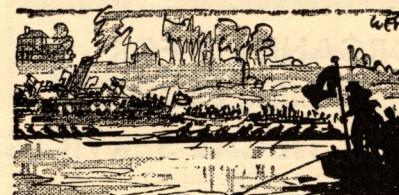
ATTENTION GOLFERS

Members are advised and cordially invited to a Meeting which will be held in the Club Room, 1st Floor, on WEDNESDAY, 17th November, 1948, for the purpose of recommending TATTERSALL'S CLUB GOLF CLUB which ceased to operate during the war years.

QUIZ

1. If you were rowing in a University Boat Race on the Thames, in what country would you be?
2. The British Navy had two especial tasks in connection with the London Olympic Games. What were they?
3. What were the maiden names of Mrs. Roark, Mrs. Menzies, Mrs. Cooke and Mrs. Zaharias?
4. What famous lawn tennis player, once British, is now a U.S. citizen?

Answers on Page 24.



MR. JONES keeps himself fit by listening to the radio. Every morning at 7 o'clock he leaps out of bed and turns on the physical exercise programme. Then he flings open the window; takes a deep breath of fresh air and watches the girl opposite do the exercises.

King Gustaf is "Mr. G." In Tennis

ON June 16, King Gustaf V of Sweden, known throughout the sporting world as "Mr. G." celebrated his 90th birthday. "I have to thank lawn tennis for the fact that I have reached a great age, and that I have enjoyed good health almost throughout my life," the King said to an interviewer.

That King Gustaf is so immensely popular both in his own country and abroad is due partly to his personality and to his many outstanding qualities, for he has charm, worldly wisdom, humour and a ready wit. But what has endeared him most to his countrymen is his great sportsmanship and his passionate love of tennis. He has, too, always lived simply and always kept fit.

As a member of the Royal Lawn Tennis Club of Sweden, I have had opportunities of playing with the King, and I may say these were red-letter hours in my life. Whatever the political situation, whatever the

weather, the score or the surroundings, King Gustaf kept his humour. He could take it in more senses than one, and always was the first to laugh at a joke or a funny situation — even if it was at his own expense.

The question hundreds of thousands of people have asked throughout some 40 years is: Is it really possible that such an old gentleman can compete with and occasionally defeat those star players with whom he usually plays? Of course, "Mr. G." was for long unable to move with the swiftness of youth, and his strokes were not nearly as fast and hard as those flashing from the rackets of his famous partners. He never hesitated to go to the net and to remain there, but his reaction, naturally, was not as quick as it used to be.

In common with many great players, however, "Mr. G." has an amazing ball sense, which enabled him to position himself correctly. In theory, he was the complete lawn tennis player, particularly efficient in doubles matches. He played the right shots—no cannon balls, but well-timed, well-placed shots designed to score points or create openings for his partner.

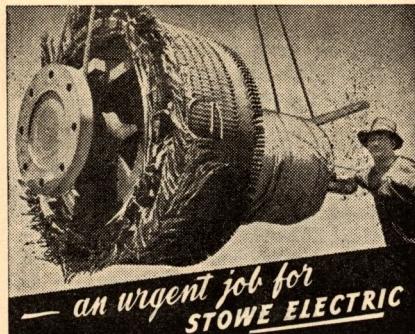
Liked Game With Friends

Wherever the King was he liked to have his game with one or more of his friends. On the Riviera he was in their midst, and in Stockholm he loved to play with all the stars who came to Sweden's capital—Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills, Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, von Cramm, Jean Borotra, Asboth, Cuccelli. He knew them all, from the turn of the century to these days. In the old days the King admired the brothers Doherty . . . to-day he follows closely the latest lawn tennis discoveries. When foreign champions visited Stockholm the people expected the King to play with them. Naturally, these royal training hours were considered private, nevertheless there were always spectators, and when British footballers or American athletes came to Sweden they wanted nothing more than to see the King in action.

Unfortunately, I have to record that King Gustaf was a lawn tennis player, because he is unable to play any longer. A few years ago he fell seriously ill for the first time in his life, and his waning eyesight forced him to give up his beloved tennis in 1946—after having indulged in it for 67 years.

Not without good reason have some foreign experts called him the greatest "Old Boy" sport has ever seen. In 1879 he introduced lawn tennis to Sweden. He brought it direct from England where, two years earlier, the first modest "Wimbledon" had taken place. In 1906 King Gustaf and his partner won the international Swedish Covered Courts Championship in the men's doubles: 40 years later he was still able to play as fourth man with first-class players.

Perhaps his greatest sporting feat was one he accomplished at the age of 77 in a club match between the Royal Lawn Tennis Club and its greatest rival. "Mr. G." was partnered by Ingvar Garell, an excellent

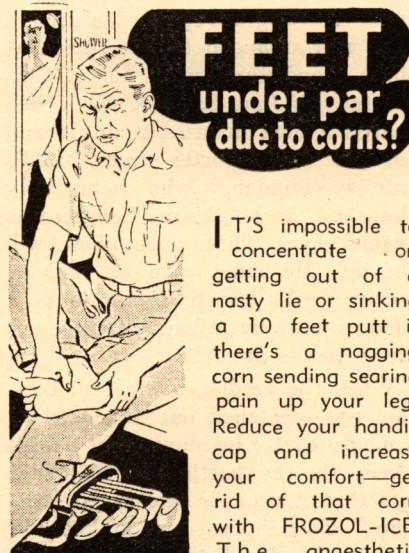


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Swedish doubles player, and they had fought their way to the final, in which they met two youngsters on the verge of stardom. These lads showed none of the usual "Mr. G. complex" — the nervousness from which a player suffered when he played with or against the King for the first time.

They went all out to win the final, bombarding their King with every shot in the text-book and with some that were out of this world. But "Mr. G." stood his ground, and had the satisfaction of seeing his well-placed backhand volley gain not only match point but victory for the Royal Lawn Tennis Club.

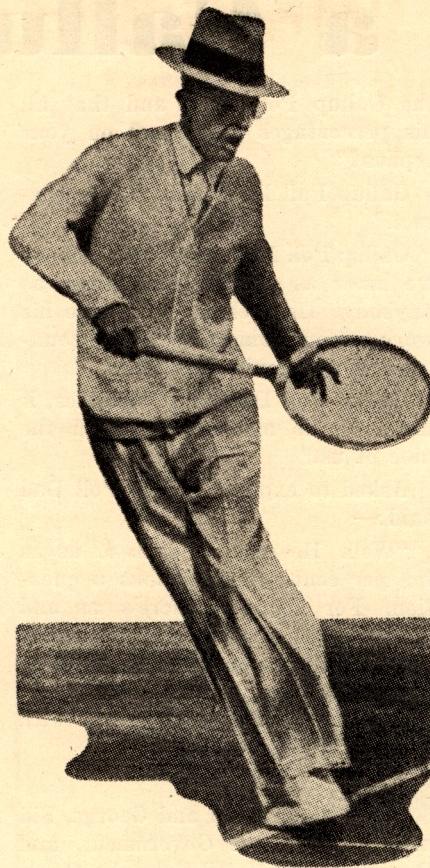
At 79 the King inaugurated the new Lawn Tennis Hall in Uppsala, the Swedish Oxford. As a "sixty-year-old Uppsala student" he played the first set on the new court — and played splendidly. When well past eighty he took part in an old boys' competition in Gothenburg and, although his three partners were thirty and more years his junior and had all been good players in their time, "Mr. G." was the best man in the match.

No Tuition

It should be kept in mind that King Gustaf began to play at a time when no tuition or instruction was to be had. This was why he never possessed a forehand drive in the modern sense, but hit his forehand with a slightly hooked arm and a little from underneath, which gave the ball a treacherous twist. It was from this stroke that he bred his later world-famous lob, his most reliable weapon in critical situations. Even excellent players fell victims to this royal lob, which became a slogan in Swedish tennis.

"Mr. G.'s" serve was not hard, position counting with him more than pace. A double fault was to him the unforgivable sin, which he himself practically never committed. The weak link in his solid armour was a backhand return against a high, bouncing topspin serve; his locked arm posture was a great drawback in this case.

King Gustaf, though an inveterate tennis enthusiast—his court physician had to send him home from a recent final in the European Davis



King Gustaf V

Cup zone, fearing the excitement might be too much for the King—is interested in many sports, and is an ardent reader of the daily sports columns. When Sweden's biggest football ground at Rasunda was opened by the King, 40,000 enthusiastic Swedish sportsmen laughed appreciatively when he solemnly declared "this tennis stadium" opened.

King Gustaf is also a great hunter and fisherman, though now he is forced to sit during the beating and when shooting. It is said that "Mr. G." has an unspoken principle: "Never lose your temper!" To this he has adhered at all times. It might help to explain his many successes.

Of the many authentic anecdotes concerning "Mr. G." here are two.

In Sweden, Labour has been in power for several decades, and the late Prime Minister Branting was one of the great figures in the International Labour Movement. "Mr. G."

was playing with Suzanne Lenglen in a Riviera tournament when Suzanne, never famous for exaggerated self-control, grew a little irritated. King Gustaf, intent on assisting his partner, came several times in her way when she raced across the court with that graceful speed so typical of her. At last Suzanne could no longer restrain herself and admonished her partner: "I have asked you so often, Your Majesty, to keep more to the left—always more to the left!"

To which "Mr. G." with a smile, replied: "That's what Branting keeps on telling me."

When he was well over eighty, "Mr. G." was in a doubles match with "Toto" Brugnon as partner and two world stars as opponents. Brugnon was having an off day, and the King and he lost. Discussing the game when leaving the court, "Mr. G." was heard remarking: "Toto is getting old, you know!"

—By David Jonason, Columnist of "Dagens Nyheter," Stockholm.

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Talking a Gallup Poll

WHO are the people interviewed by the Gallup Poll Man?

Nobody seems to have met them. If you ask anyone, "Have you ever been questioned by a representative of the Gallup Poll?" the answer will always be "No."

Therefore, it is with some pride as an old reporter that your Uncle Nat has been able to trace the Gallup Poll family to its eight-room suburban villa, and now has the pleasure of introducing its members — Gallup Pole Mum and Gallup Poll Dad, their sons, Sid and George, their daughters, Sis and Effie, Gran and Granfer, Auntie Vi, and the dog Rover.

Your Uncle said to Gallup Poll Dad: "Is it true that the Gallup Poll man interviews you regularly?"

Gallup Poll Dad said: "Regular as clockwork. Every Saturday tea-time."

"Am I right in assuming that you are the only family interviewed by

the Gallup Poll man, and that all his percentages are based on your replies?"

Gallup Poll Dad said: "Quite correct."

Gallup Poll Mum said: "He reckons we know as much about things as anybody. He reckons he'd have his work cut out going all over the country asking people questions."

Gallup Poll Dad said: "Besides, it makes it so much easier with the nine of us."

Asked to explain, Gallup Poll Dad said:—

"Well. He reckons each of us as ten per cent. when he asks a question. For instance, there's me and mother what always think the same. So we're always good for 20 per cent. whether it's 'Do you like Mr. Attlee?' or 'Is there going to be a war with Russia?'"

"Yes."

"Then there's Sid and George. Sid always hates the Government, and George thinks it's all right. So that's a nice ten per cent. for both sides."

"I see."

"Then, there's Sis and Effie. Sis always sides with her mum and me, being quiet and home-loving. And a beautiful cook, too. Better than her mother, I always say."

"And Effie?"

"Well, Effie's a bit of a surprise item. You never know which way she's going to jump."

Gallup Poll Mum said: "Picture mad, and too fond of the fellers, that's her trouble. The sooner she's married the better."

Gallup Poll Dad said: "You see, if Effie's seen a picture she don't like, or one of her boys has missed a date, she's against everything. If she's seen a nice picture with a nice boy she's for everything. The Gallup Poll man says Effie makes it more exciting, like a handicap in a race."

Black is White

"I suppose Effie sometimes has a profound effect on public opinion?"

"Well, it's funny you should say that because it's quite true. When we were asked if we wanted the doctors to work the insurance scheme we had a nice 60 per cent. in favour till Effie came in after a row with her latest boy and said 'No.' So it turned out we didn't want the doctors to work it after all."

"So far the situation is this. If I asked you a hypothetical question: 'Do you believe black is white?' and you answered 'Yes,' you would be automatically supported by your wife and your daughter Sis?"



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"That's right."

"That would be 30 per cent. in favour of black being white. One of your sons might maintain that black is black. What would the other one say?"

"It depends on whether the Government said black was black. If the Government said so, Sid would say it wasn't, and George would say it was."

"As this question has nothing to do with the Government, we will assume that your sons, being both sane young men, would maintain that black is black. That would add up to 30 per cent. believing that black is white and 20 per cent. believing that black is black."

"Then there's always Effie."

"We're coming to Effie. For the sake of this argument, we will suppose that Effie's charms have prevailed over the local eligibles and that she has seen the right pictures. In these favourable circumstances she would maintain black is black?"

"Naturally."

"In which case we come out at evens—30 per cent. for and 30 per cent. against. What about Gran and Granfer?"

"If Gran said black was black, Granfer would say it was white, just to spite her. And the other way round. They've never agreed about anything in 50 years."

"In other words, they always cancel each other out. That would make 40 per cent. for and 40 per cent. against. What about Auntie Vi?"

"Auntie Vi's the 10 per cent. what always says 'Don't know.'"

"Is she really? In that case, I am very proud to meet her as the only sensible person in the Gallup Poll family. So far, Gallup Poll Dad, we've only accounted for 90 per cent. of the whole. What about the other 10 per cent.?"

Gallup Poll Dad said: "Oh, that would be our dog, Rover."

Gallup Poll Mum said: "And why not? He's got more sense than any of us. That's what I always say."

"How does your dog Rover record his opinions?"

Gallup Poll Dad said: "When he goes 'Wuff,' the Gallup Poll man takes it as 'Yes,' and when he goes 'Wow-Wow,' he takes it as 'No, No.'

They're great friends him and the Gallup Poll man."

Marshall Aid Wrecked

"May I put a question to the Gallup Poll family, Gallup Poll Dad?"

"Why, certainly."

"It is a question which may affect the whole future of civilisation. Is the Gallup Poll family in favour of accepting aid under the Marshall Plan?"

Gallup Poll Dad said: "I reckon we ought to have some kind of help from somebody."

Gallup Poll Mum said: "If Dad says so I expect it's all right."

Sis said: "Why not?"

Sid said: "If the Government wants it, I don't."

George said: "If the Opposition wants it, I don't want it neither."

Uncle Nat said: "Thirty per cent.

for. Twenty per cent. against. What about you, Gran?"

Gran said: "I don't want it, whatever it is."

Granfer said: "Then I do."

Uncle Nat said: "Forty per cent. for. Thirty per cent. against. Auntie Vi?"

Auntie Vi shouted: "Don't know."

At that moment the dog Rover went "Wow-Wow," and Uncle Nat called: "Forty per cent. for, 40 per cent. against. Ten per cent. don't know."

Uncle Nat said: "Forty per cent. for and fifty per cent. against. Ten per cent. don't know. Gallup Poll Effie has wrecked the Marshall Plan."

Gallup Poll Mum said: "She always was a difficult girl."

—By Nathaniel Gubbins in the "Sunday Express."

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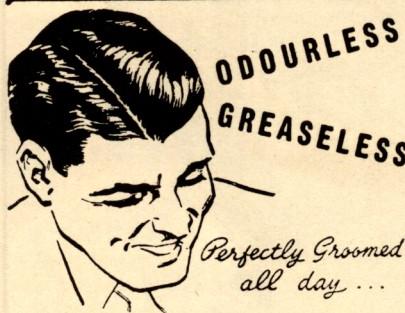
ROUNDABOUT of SPORT

GETTING RICH: Lawn tennis is the game for making money, Jack Kramer, turned professional last December, has since made 96,000 dollars (about £25,000) by easily beating Riggs, who made a mere 60,000 dollars (£15,000), in a series of 90 matches. All the top professionals, including Budge, Perry, Vines, Kovacs, meet in "world's championship" at Forest Hills.

* * *

BRADMAN, within sight of his century was brilliantly caught at slip by Edrich off Bedser. This was the fifth successive Bradman Test innings ended by Alec Bedser — a record, comments an English writer.

The Don was out to Bedser in the second innings of the fifth Test at Sydney in 1947; twice at Nottingham, and again twice at Lord's. Previously, four English bowlers had claimed Bradman in three successive innings. They were: Larwood in 1932-33, Bowes 1934, Verity 1936-37, Yardley 1946-47.



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"Bedser's rabbit" they are calling Bradman, but it is not the first time Bradman has been called a rabbit. In Bradman's first-ever Test at Brisbane in 1928 Maurice Tate had him leg-before for 18. When "Farmer" White had Bradman caught by Chapman in the second innings Tate, always a great leg-puller, shouted to White: "Hey, he's my rabbit."

* * *

THREE is some consolation for us when M. Marcel Boussac carries off our Ascot Gold Cups and other coveted prizes. He has the tact to employ an Englishman — 43-year-old Edward Charles Elliott—to ride his super horses (comments an English writer).

It is easy for M. Boussac to be tactful. There is no more accomplished jockey in Europe than Charlie Elliott. M. Boussac realised this some years ago, and Charlie has ridden many of his horses in England and France since 1929, when he went to Chantilly, retained as first jockey by the leading French owner-breeder. Charlie called his little forest-side house "Sweet Home."

Home could not have been sweeter for Charlie, living once more in England, than it has been recently. At Lingfield this week he rode five winners—including a hat-trick—in two days.

Elliott Brilliant

As Elliott brilliantly drove a horse to victory after two miles of "hard labour," an old and crusted race-goer, still suffering from the after-effects of Arbar, said: "That's one game the French'll never beat us at—jockeyship." Blimpish, but he is probably right.

Some say that Arbar, the Ascot Gold Cup winner, is the greatest horse that Charlie Elliott has ridden. The jockey disagrees. "He is a grand horse," he told me yesterday, "but I think his half-brother Caracalla II.—I won the Gold Cup on him in 1946—was even better. If you want to know the best horse I have ridden it was Pharis."

That's another sop for England, for Pharis was sired by the good English horse Pharcos.

* * *

SO far there is no indication that London dog-track bookmakers will follow the example of those in the North; these bookmakers are planning a strike against the new tax on greyhound races bookmakers which comes into force next month. The tax will vary from £6 to £48 a meeting, according to the enclosure in which the bookmaker operates.

However, London bookmakers, like those in the North, say they cannot pay this tax. A White City bookmaker, operating at two meetings per week in the main enclosure, said he would be subjected to £96 tax, £6 entrance fees and an average wages bill of £30 a week. This meant he must pay out £7,000 a year from his winnings before he began to make a profit.

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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

Feminine Freak in Trotting Game

To Mrs. Forest Burright, 63-year-old Oregon farm wife, goes the palm for freakish avocation—driving racing trotters professionally. It is no new fad with her ladyship, who has been urging her steeds along over a 30-year period, and with much success. Born on a racecourse, she has never strayed into other spheres, and in 1943 became famous by setting a new world record for women drivers by forcing her trotter over one mile in 2min. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. In 1947 she drove six winners at Chicago, Detroit and New York. On race tracks she lines up with male drivers who, she declares, give her no quarter. "They know I know my business," she said, "and try to put every trick they know over me. It doesn't work." As might be imagined, Mrs. Burright cares little about knitting hubby's jumper or tending the flower beds. Her's is a life of thrills among her beloved horses and successes have, by general accord, been well merited.



Are You Misunderstood?

NEW YORK "Daily News" sent its inquiring photographer to waylay husbands in the street and put to them this question: "Are you a misunderstood husband?" The answers follow:—

Augie Warren, telephone installer: "No.. My wife knows me like a book and plays me like a piano. I whistle her tunes every time she swings her baton. She knows all my weaknesses, and when I indulge in them, she bawls me out, after which all is forgiven. It's so nice to err when you know you'll be forgiven."

Rudy Winiavski, maintenance man: "My co-workers can't understand why I'd rather see my three kids than dissipate with them; my boss can't understand why I'm always late; when my girl friends read this, they won't understand why I told them I was single; but my wife understands and loves me. That's why she forgives me."

Fred Spencer, elevator operator: "Am I a misunderstood husband? Yes, sir, absolutely! My wife can't understand why I want to stay with the boys for a few drinks. She expects me to punch the clock at home every

day. But my three kids understand me. They don't care whether I come home or not and when this appears, I'd better not."

Gene Short, clerk: "No. My wife understands me absolutely. Most men have the ball and chain on their two legs. I've got those, too, and I've also got handcuffs on my wrists. That's why I never look at another girl. What would be the use of raising her hopes?"

Herman Ginsback, chef: "I'm misunderstood, and how! Although I'm crazy about my wife, she can't understand why I'm still attracted to other women. I'm human. Only a saint on earth wouldn't look at other women. Yes, sir; I love my wife, but oh, you kid!"

Harry Faustman, telephone installer: "No. Even though I have a most complete personality, my wife understands me perfectly, because she is a genius. Please don't think I've given you this baloney so my wife will serve me pork chops to-night, even though I love pork chops."

GOLF GETS "NEW LOOK"

HENRY COTTON, many times Open Golf Champion, had this to say in the "News of the World" on his return from U.S.A. recently.

I am now on my way home from quite a successful trip to America, having gained a new slant on the golf over there.

In the Round Robin tournament at Wykogl, where I finished seventh and took a prize of £125, I got an insight to some putting tricks.

The good putters, like Herman Barron, the 39-year-old winner who lives nearby the course, have definite theories on this department of the game.

As players in America are always allowed to clean the ball they take particular pains when replacing it.

For instance, each time they lift the ball on the green they carefully set it down with the dot or number lined up on the centre of the hole if the putt is straight; or to the left or right if there is a borrow.

Even after their approach putts they are never anxious to hole out

unless they have lifted the ball and set it down again "carefully aimed."

Frankly, I found this idea a great help and did not miss a short putt in the five rounds, averaging 28 a round.

Of course, it will not be much help in Britain, where we touch the ball very little. Bobby Locke, an outstanding putter, uses the scheme, picking up the ball even a third time and re-setting it.

Putting is indeed a study. It is not a hurried business but a painstaking effort of the utmost importance.

It was thus a great experience to play with a bunch of players all good putters.

TATTERSALL'S BOWLING CLUB.

OUR bowls unit is on the up-and-up. We now have 83 members and some of the tyros are showing unexpected form and judgment. Especially does that refer to John Monroe, Ken Williams, Sam Brown, Roscoe Ball, Tom Dwyer and Sam Peters.

Congratulations to bowls committee man Cec Davis who won the singles championship of Double Bay Club. Patron Stan Chatterton was runner-up in the Consistency Handicap at Double Bay while Secretary Gordon Bay got away with the Singles Handicap at the same club.

Many of our members were prominent in last season's Association pennant contests, namely Harold Hill, Alan Kippax, Charlie Young, Harold McIntosh, Ted Dewdney, John Trainor and Jack Irwin among others.

Gordon Booth has an attractive programme drawn up for November including an outing to Wentworth Falls on the 28th where Arthur Seraggs (president) will welcome players officially. There will also be social roll-ups each Thursday afternoon at Double Bay with a 1.30 p.m. start.

Although our bowls unit is in its first year we have already played matches against City, Victoria Park, Waverley, Bondi and Double Bay and in each instance our representatives have done well. Members are requested to keep an eye on the Notice Board and affix their names when available for any contest scheduled. Attention to this little point will permit smooth running of affairs and eliminate disappointments.

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AMANDA CALLED BUBBLES

A cute yarn written by L. S. Howarth in London "Evening News"

THE MILK BAY golf course wallowed happily in the spring sunshine like a terrier asking to have its tummy tickled. Perfect. Or perhaps only nearly perfect. For on the first tee Amanda, spinster, struck a discordant note. She was crying, and it was while she was crying that Malcolm, an old friend came by.

"Ah, Amanda!" Malcolm said. He took in the scene and plunged shrewdly to the heart of the matter. "Upset?" he asked.

Amanda stopped crying to nod, and then decided to go on crying again. "It's Edwin!" she blurted. "He was going to play golf with me this morning. And now he's rung up to say he can't."

"Business, perhaps. Indiswhatsit. No need to cry."

"He's free enough and well enough to take another woman out!"

"Ah!" Malcolm dropped his driver in surprise. "But I thought you and Edwin—I mean—dash it—"

"I thought so, too. I mean a lot worse than dash it. He met her at the Beach Hotel. She's a visitor. She's already asked him to call her Bubbles. And after all I've done for Edwin! At Christmas I knitted him some golf socks. At Easter I gave him a new patent sponge. For his birthday I gave him a coloured umbrella—and now he throws me over for a girl who likes being called Bubbles!"

"Sad," Malcolm regretted.

The same evening she rang Edwin up again.

"Nice to hear you, Amanda," he said. "Can't talk long though."

"Oh, Edwin, what's the matter? You don't sound well!"

"Feeling fine, thanks. I'm putting a stud in a dress-shirt. Ow!"

"Bubbles again?" Amanda asked grimly.

"Yes. The poor girl's lonely. She doesn't know a soul—"

"She ought to know you pretty well by now," Amanda said.

"That's dashed uncharitable. How about coming swimming with us tomorrow? Bubbles would like to meet some nice woman friend."

Amanda made a noise of complete incredulity. But none the less she appeared on the beach the next day. Once there she wished she had remained in aloof dignity, for one glance at Bubbles was enough. The woman's figure was flawless, and her personality intoxicating.

Amanda left the party as early as she could, and on the way home she saw Malcolm. "Well," he said. "How's Edwin?"

"Happy," Amanda said. "I've just left him with Bubbles."

"Quite attractive, isn't she?"

"I couldn't have got Edwin's eyes off her with a niblick."

Malcolm rubbed his chin pensively. "What about her golf?" he asked. "Does she play?"

"She says she doesn't like it much. I expect that's because you can't play in a mink coat and ride round in a car."

"Good! There's your chance!"

"Where?"

"Can you see Edwin settling down with a woman who doesn't like golf? He'd be as happy with an Eskimo! If we can get her on to the links once, we can show Edwin her Achilles heel!"

But Bubbles was not easily tempted to the links. She swam with Edwin, she danced with Edwin, she dined with Edwin, and she drove with Edwin, but not until the following Sunday did Malcolm ring up Amanda.

"I've done it!" he reported. "I saw Edwin and Bubbles in the Beach Hotel last night. I bought her six gins and told her Milk Bay was the most romantic course in England, and she's promised to play in a foursome to-morrow. You come too, and we'll show Edwin how you can make Bubbles look silly."

When Amanda arrived, she noticed that Bubbles was making her correct tweed skirt look like a masterpiece from Paris, but she didn't mind.

The first shot that Bubbles played she hit ten yards into a bunker. "Aren't I a silly?" she giggled, and Amanda saw from Edwin's look of pain that Malcolm's plan was al-

ready working. There was nothing, she realised triumphantly, like a golf course for showing a man what a woman really was.

On the thirteenth tee Edwin and Bubbles were five down and Edwin was looking worried, a man tortured with doubts. Amanda drove easily down the middle and turned to Bubbles. "Five up and six to play," she said sweetly to Bubbles. "You've got to win every hole now to beat us."

Edwin placed Bubble's ball on the tee with a sigh. Bubbles coughed. She waggled her club. "Now," she said surprisingly, "I've had enough of this tomfoolery!" She opened her shoulders and her ball fled incredibly after Amanda's. Only it carried another sixty yards.

There was such a grim look in Bubble's features that none of her three companions commented on this remarkable feat. Nor did they comment when she nonchalantly dropped a long putt from the edge of the green. They had still said very little, if it comes to that, when on the eighteenth green she sank another long one to win the match.

And then Edwin risked speech. "You—you played like a champion!"

"I ought to," said Bubbles. "I am one. I came here incognito for a rest and because I wanted people to like me for myself. You did, didn't you, Edwin precious?"

She was disturbed in her gloom by the doorbell. She answered it apathetically. "Why, Edwin! Fancy seeing you!"

"Amanda! I want you to promise to marry me before it's too late!"

She stared unbelievingly at his haggard face. "But, Edwin, I'm not fit to polish that woman's putter! Why on earth—"

"That's just it!" Edwin fumbled with his collar. "Her golf decided me! How can any man live happily with a wife whose golf is better than his? I shall have no self-respect! I shall be a joke—finished! Amanda, you will save me won't you?"

Without hesitation, Amanda dragged Edwin over the threshhold. There was going to be no mistake this time.

We Must Pay Dearly To Appreciate

WHEN Mark Hanna, an associate professor of speech at Fresno State College addressed the thirtieth annual convention of the California State Nurses Association recently, he had things to say about the nursing profession that might easily have caused the venerable bones of Florence Nightingale to turn turtle in their grave.

Nurses, he said, would not be "appreciated" until their services became expensive. (Pay of staff nurses in California averages about 200 dollars a month. Many other States fall far below that average.)

He elaborated as follows:

"Along with some of your other counsellors, I would say don't emphasise the ideas of sacrifice, devotion and public service. These are highly commendable ideas and ideals, but speaking as a friend from another

financially depressed profession, I would say that in the U.S. people have much more appreciation of you if you have a bit of cash attached.

"I believe in devotion and public service, but I prefer the way of the medical profession. . . . Don't be cheap. Be expensive! That's the way Americans like people. You say the public cannot pay for more expensive nursing service? Certain individuals can't, but society at large can pay for anything in which it is interested.

"Last year, society paid 8,000,000,000 dollars to sit in cocktail bars and become numb. They spent 6,000,000,000 dollars around the country to watch the rear end of a horse and their money disappear at Arlington and Santa Anita.

"What gives you the quaint idea they can't pay for a little nursing?"

—Fortnight.

WHEN you order a Sundae at a milk bar or cafe you may have wondered how it got its name. It seems that about the year 1875 Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A., passed a regulation forbidding the sale of ice cream sodas on Sunday. Someone thought of serving ice cream with syrup and no soda water.

This "Sunday Soda" soon became popular and on weekdays plenty of customers asked for "Sundays." The city fathers objected to naming the dish after the Sabbath so the spelling was changed—and "sundae" it has been ever since.

ABOUT AMATEURS

THE Amateur Status Commission recommended to the International Amateur Athletic Federation Congress on the instance of broken time, that an amateur might, if the sole support of his family, be reimbursed by his national association or federation, through his employer, for loss of wages during his absence after one day, when competing in big events.

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FRED ROOT TRENCHANT

KING SPORT is enthroned this first week in August. Last Tuesday, at Leeds, we lost a Test match—well and truly. Not on account of inferiority of our players, but simply and solely because we had no policy, no system, no leadership or inspiration.

To the Australians, sincere and honest congratulations. They contested an uphill fight in the manner of conquerors. To Don Bradman I give the cricket crown for example and precept. A man in a generation. A player, administrator and ambassador rolled into one.

I was appalled when two of the England XI told me that not a word of advice was given to our players as to tactics, or anything else!

I am not giving Norman Yardley that squalling infant of defeat to carry in his unfortunate arms. Although I do not think he is England's best choice as captain.

English cricket is all right. It's the management and administrative department that's all wrong.

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limited to 6,000 members, cannot, in commonsense and decency, maintain dictatorial powers over a realm of cricketers with a population of millions.

The flood of our talent is akin to the might of Niagara Falls. But it frivols away unharnessed, producing only froth and foam in iridescent bubbles of school tie hue.

The great leagues of the North, the less intense competition of the local clubs of the Midlands and the South, are just being wasted as a national recruiting ground.

Come off it M.C.C. Spread your wings. Nationalise and co-operate. Include all leagues!

Jack Hobbs first played cricket with a lamp post as a wicket. Don Bradman was an up-country "rookie" from Bowral, who taught himself batting by means of a palings, a golf ball and the gable end of a sheep barn.

Lol Larwood bowled his first body-line delivery with a piece of coal on the bank of a Nottingham colliery, and W. G. Grace sowed the seeds of his great career by playing the bowling of his mother in a Gloucestershire orchard.

£256,000 A WEEK

One Man's Income

OILMAN Haralson Hunt, of Dallas, Texas, is to-day being hailed as the richest man in the United States. His fortune is £65,750,000 and his gross income £256,000 a week. But he is so elusive that few Americans, even in Dallas, know him or know of him.

To my trunk telephone inquiries to Dallas a leading citizen replied: "Hunt is about the closest, most unapproachable man in town," and a local reporter: "Hunt is awful company."

Hunt's phone rings and rings and never seems to be answered. He is 65, married, and has three children. He owns a house on the Dallas outskirts and an office in town—a small room with a plain desk.

Starting work at an early age in an Arkansas oilfield, he went to Texas at the age of 29. He hates publicity, had his last photograph taken ten years ago, has white hair, heavy shoulders, stands 6 ft. 1 in. and weighs 16 stone.

—"Sunday Express" (Eng.).

IN THE MONEY

WHO are the biggest money-makers on the Atlantic? A seasoned traveller calculates they are Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary stewards. He says some of them make £100 and more in round-trip tips.

A bedroom steward usually looks after eight first-class passengers. He receives a tip of around £2/10/- from each. Dining-room stewards also average £2/10/- from each of eight passengers.

But the big money man is the smoke-room steward. Most of his income comes from winners of the pools on the ship's daily run. There are two pools. In one, the Hat Pool, the passenger pays £1. His name is put down on one of several lists. The man on each list who draws the ticket with the correct mileage for the ship's run that day wins £10. He tips the steward not less than £1.

The steward is generally able to fill four lists and the pool runs four nights. Therefore the steward gets £16 on each voyage from this source alone.

In the auction pool tickets are auctioned, not drawn. Winnings often range between £400 and £700. Usually a passenger who wins £500 will tip not less than £10 to the steward. With pools on four nights, that makes £40 a trip—plus his normal tips. There is no doubt a smoke-room steward makes more money than the captain.

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Racing Fixtures

NOVEMBER.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 6
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 13
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 20
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 27

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 4
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 11
Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 18
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 27
Tattersall's Club	TUES. 28

JANUARY, 1949.

Tattersall's Club	SAT. 1
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A MIDNIGHT scene . . . rain . . . sleet. A drunk in the doorway, a policeman. Drunk: "I live here." Policeman: "Why don't you go in?" Drunk: "I've lost my key." Policeman: "Then ring the bell." Drunk: "I rang it an hour ago!" Policeman: "Ring it again." Drunk: "Let em wait—"

What Members are Thinking

OUR MALE CHORUS?

LURCHER: There have been established among members a golf club, swimming club, bowls club and handball club. Probably the enterprise which would reveal more illuminatingly the qualities of club talent has never been suggested. I refer to the formation of a Male Chorus, equipped with tenors, baritones and bassos. Names among members qualified for enrolment occur so readily as scarcely to require individual mention. Surely someone will get down to the job of establishment. It isn't right that the vocal boys should remain unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

The Tidy Habit

This is not a protest but a suggestion. A few clubmen have developed a habit of removing illustrated, sporting, and daily newspapers from the tables in the big room and not putting them back after reading. It is probably an oversight but offenders would please other clubmen who also want to read the latest doings, but don't appreciate distribution round the room of the various periodicals, and more particularly the mid-day issues. Members should try and set examples of tidiness.—"Reader."

THEY COULDN'T CHANGE

PERRY was instinctively a fast player and H. W. Austin a slow one. We doubt whether either would have been able to develop on opposite or compromise lines. Perry, Henri Cochet, Donald Budge and Ellsworth Vines were all fundamentally fast players who acquired control. Austin, Rene Lacoste, Jack Crawford and Robert Riggs were essentially the controlled type who never develop great speed of stroke.

In between are players like Jack Kramer and Gottfried Von Cramm, with balanced speed and control. Perhaps this is the best answer, but the whole problem depends on the natural instinct of the player.

BRITISH CAR EXPORTS LEAD

THE total of 20,200 cars shipped overseas by British manufacturers in June was only 1,600 fewer than the combined car shipments of the U.S., Canada and France, in the previous month—the latest period for which the comparable figures are available.

British exports of commercial vehicles in June numbered nearly 6,600 units, fewer than 50 short of the all-time record of April last, states the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

In the first half of the year more than £68,000,000 worth of motor vehicles—cars, commercial vehicles, and agricultural tractors—and their parts and accessories, left this country for overseas buyers.

A post-war record in British car output was set up in June, when the number made averaged over 7,200 a week. Production of commercial vehicles in June was at the rate of 3,550 a week.

Ahead of U.S.A.

Speaking at the Longbridge Works of the Austin Motor Co., Mr. L. P. Lord, chairman and managing director of the company, said that his works were speeding output by the introduction of new methods far in advance of any in the United States.

I was shown (writes a "Yorkshire Post" reporter) how, suspended from an overhead conveyer travelling at seven feet a minute, the counterbalanced rotating cradle carried the unmounted chassis into a 130-foot tunnel. Here, in a specially regulated temperature of 80 degrees Fahrenheit, the units were receiving their coats of synthetic paint. Further along the conveyer, the chassis passed into a 400-foot long drying oven. An hour after its insertion the chassis appeared at the far end of the tunnel dry and ready for immediate assembly.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. In England (*Oxford v. Cambridge*) or Conn., U.S.A. (*Yale v. Harvard*).
2. Laying mark buoys for yacht-racing in Torbay, and bearing the Olympic Torch across the Adriatic and the English Channel.
3. Wills, Stammers, Palfrey and Didrickson.
4. Fred Perry.

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1948

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One Mile.

Second Day : (BOXING DAY) MONDAY

27th December

The Summer Cup, £3000 added

and a Cup valued at 100 Guineas

One Mile and Five Furlongs.

The December Stakes, £1500 added

(For Two-Year-Olds)

Five Furlongs.

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